

Two Wrongs

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32875801) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32875801>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandoms:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game)
Character:	Technoblade - Character
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , Government Conspiracy , Government Experimentation , Unethical Experimentation , Child Soldiers , Child Abuse , Techno Backstory is not sunshine and roses fam
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Thicker Than Water , Part 56 of I'm Writing Fanfiction About Block Men God Help Me
Collections:	my aetwt addiction , Completed stories I've read , fics that are stuck in my head (rent-free) , Dsmp fics I re-read obsessively , ghostobre's finished reads
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-28 Words: 1,780 Chapters: 1/1

Two Wrongs

by [SilverWing15](#)

Summary

(Don't Make A Right)

But Techno is less concerned about right, and more concerned with revenge.

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“Are we playing hide and seek?” he asks, that’s the only reason he can think of for them to be talking about running away and hiding.

His mother kisses his forehead, “no, sweet, we’re. We’re trying to make some grownup decisions, okay?”

They don’t play hide and seek, instead, a man in a black suit comes to the house. He wants to talk to Techno a lot about his shadow.

He doesn’t understand why he must leave with the man, why his mother and father aren’t coming. There are other men in black suits who stand behind them, hands on their shoulders the way his father would do to Techno to keep him from running into the street.

His mother is sobbing as the man in the suit guides him outside.

His shadow comes with him at least, his shadow will always be with him.

Notes

Techno Backstory! :D

In case it isn't clear enough for everyone with the hints given in the text (because Techno is A Baby and is working off of a limited understanding of the situation) Techno's grandfather had a power similar to his, (to some degree or another, Techno's is definitely different and stronger) and he was probably classed as a supervillain (whether or not he actually **was** one I dunno. he could have been a nice dude who got a bad rap, not my problem) Regardless. The government put down Techno's granddad like Old Yeller and kept his family under Observation.

Techno's mom got skipped over by the Shadow Power, but Techno, obviously, inherited it. His parents attempt to get set up to go on the run, but the government intervenes and takes Techno.

Warnings:

Things that go into making child soldiers, it isn't too explicit but they are making child soldiers here.

medical experimentation on a Child, also not described too graphically but like. He's not having a good time

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first shadow came to him as a child. Eyes shining bright from under his bed, but Techno wasn't afraid. He knew the shadow, and the shadow knew him. They were one, they were two, they simply *were*. As if they always had been.

His mother and father scream when they see his new friend, and Techno doesn't understand why. He does not know why they never talked about his grandfather before, or why they do so now. He doesn't understand why mother and father look so sad.

"Are we playing hide and seek?" he asks, that's the only reason he can think of for them to be talking about running away and hiding.

His mother kisses his forehead, "no, sweet, we're. We're trying to make some grownup decisions, okay?"

They don't play hide and seek, instead, a man in a black suit comes to the house. He wants to talk to Techno a lot about his shadow.

He doesn't understand why he must leave with the man, why his mother and father aren't coming. There are other men in black suits who stand behind them, hands on their shoulders the way his father would do to Techno to keep him from running into the street.

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The man in the black suit promised that the place he was bringing him would be fun. It isn't though. It's boring, and cold. There are other kids, but Techno isn't allowed to talk to them, and they aren't allowed to talk to him. They all have to listen to the grown ups and do as they're told.

All they get told to do is *train* though. And Technoblade is good at it, he's the *best* at it, but the grownups insist that he has to listen to the *rules*. And he has to do things the way they tell him and not a better way.

The grown ups still like him though. They tell him he is the best. They tell him he is good.

He is a good little soldier.

It would be lonely if he didn't have his shadow. Some of the other kids cry at night and sometimes Techno will tell his shadow to go to them, to keep them company.

One day the grownups come to him and tell him that he is going to do a special activity. They try to make it sound exciting and fun, but Techno and his shadow know better.

They also know better than to disobey the grownups, so they go.

He is a good little soldier.

The grownups make Techno sit in a big chair, and they tell him that it is going to be fun. They wrap things around his wrists and ankles, and tell him it is to hold him tight like a hug. They make him put a foam block in his mouth and tell him to pretend that it is a marshmallow.

It doesn't taste like a marshmallow, but he is a good little soldier.

His shadow paces the room, but the lights are too bright for it to do anything. The grownups poke a needle into his arm and they put a tube of funny colored stuff over his head so it drips down.

It looks like the juice his mother would make in the summer, with the packets that would stain his tongue funny colors if he licked the dust. He wonders if it will stain his skin a funny color.

It doesn't.

It isn't fun.

The straps aren't holding him like a hug.

He *screams* but the not-marshmallow in his mouth muffles it.

It doesn't muffle the shadow. Techno didn't know that it could make noises out loud. It screams because he cannot. It screams for so long.

When he wakes up, his shadow is curled around him. He is in a white room. There is no door, but there is a big mirror on the wall.

Techno would usually get up and make funny faces in it, but he hurts. Everything hurts, from his toes to his nose. He cries instead. His shadow moves like it is hurting too, but it still snuggles closer to him.

The grown ups bring him food, but he isn't hungry. They tell him he has to be a good little soldier and eat anyway.

He is a good little soldier, so he does.

He throws it up.

His shadow looks sick too. It is darker and it is twitching and shaking its head. It whispers that it doesn't feel good. He tries to tell the grown ups, but they won't listen.

When he wakes up, he has two shadows.

The new one is dark and strong, and its eyes glow with red light. It whispers, "*what is happening?*" in a desperate sort of voice. The first one looks ragged, too skinny and too light. It asks him the same question.

When he wakes up, there are three shadows.

The next time, there are six. Then twelve, eighteen, twenty.

They all whisper to him, they are all curious and scared and they all want him to tell them what is happening. Their voices overlap and ring against the walls and through his head and he doesn't know how to answer them.

He calls for the grownups, he cries and screams and the shadows scream with him.

Nobody answers them.

Finally, a woman comes into the empty room. "Stand," she says, and he does. His shadows pace around her, whispering, asking, *begging*.

"Control your shadows," she says.

"I don't know how."

"I will teach you," she says. "I am your handler, you have been such a good little soldier that you get to spend your days with me, isn't that exciting?"

It isn't, but he nods anyway. "What happened to my shadow?" he asks.

"You were chosen to be Enhanced," his handler says, "it means that you're very special. You responded well to the treatment, and now you're more powerful, and you'll be a better soldier."

"Oh," Techno says.

"And I'll teach you to be an even *better* one," his handler says, "if you listen to me, you'll be the very best."

Techno is a good little soldier, so he listens.

Techno listened, and Techno served. Since the day his first shadow appeared, he served. He was raised to obey, and he did. He was *good*. He served.

Through blood and fire and agony, he served. He did as he was ordered. He was their good little soldier, and he marched where he was told.

He marched into hell, and he marched back out, and he marched in all over again. And now he marched here. To the Vault. Into his very own cell in the Alpha Wing.

He served, he was obedient, he was their good little soldier, and now he is here. His shadows cannot come to him here, its too bright for them. There are lights shining over every inch of the cell. There is only a bed set into the wall, nowhere for shadows to form, for Shadows to hide.

He is given a sleeping mask to cover his eyes, because the lights will never be turning off.

Techno looks at the cell, at the door that locked a thousand times, at the lights that shine in a thousand directions, and his heart shatters in a thousand ways.

He was obedient, he was *their good little soldier*, wasn't he? He did what they asked. Again and again. And what did it earn him?

Worse than nothing. Worse than being left on the streets with his wounds, both physical and mental.

It earned him *this*.

Pandora's Vault.

Because they no longer have need of him. And if he is not obeying them anymore, Techno is a threat.

And the Vault is made to contain threats.

He slams his fist into the wall and shouts. His shadows do not add their own voices to his. They aren't here. He's alone.

He has no handler, he has no team. He doesn't even have his shadows.

The cot is bolted to the floor, there is no other furniture. The blanket tears easily in his hands, the pillow spills folded cotton stuffing. He screams until he is hoarse, beats at the walls until he is bruised, destroys all that he can.

It does no good. It does nothing at all.

He is a threat, and the Vault is made to contain threats. It will contain him.

It will contain his shadows. Trapped in a cell of their own, surrounded by light that they cannot cross.

Dinner arrives.

Techno eats a bite and then casts it aside. He has eaten worse, far worse. He was a soldier, he ate whatever was in front of him.

He isn't a soldier anymore.

He's a threat.

He's breathing hard. He knows a panic attack, knows the feel of it, the tight squeeze around his chest. He knows how to send it on its way, knows the steady pattern of breathing.

He doesn't bother. He lets it come.

He lets it crash into him like a train, lets it rattle his ribs like prison bars, lets it squeeze his heart until it feels like it will burst. Then it leaves, and he is still here. Still in this cell. Still

alone.

He rests his forehead against the wall. It is cool and solid.

Behind the thin layer of gray paint, there are whole *feet* of reinforced steel, security measures, and then the nitty gritty of pipes and wires. And among it all, there is darkness, and in that darkness, there is a single Shadow.

His first shadow. His oldest shadow. Weaker than the others, but cleverer, less trusting. Free.

Techno pushes himself harder into the wall, anything to bring himself even the smallest millimeter closer to his shadow. “What have you seen?” he asks it.

It tells him about the prison, about the cell that contains all of the other shadows. The guards, the patrols, the prisoners. Supervillains, children, civilians, enemies. It doesn’t matter. If they are dangerous, they are here.

The Vault is made to contain threats.

The shadow tells him of the cell next to his, someone has a little garden there. It has been hiding in the shadows of the leaves. The prisoner has some sort of privilege then. An asset? An ally?

Techno sends his shadow with a message, and he waits.

He *was* obedient, he *was* their good little soldier. But they decided he was a threat.

Who is he to prove them wrong?

End Notes

You can find me on tumblr at technobladesbasement

First Shadow is named Carl in honor of the fact that Techno would die for it and so would I. Carl will be showing up again in the Tubbo side story because I love him.

If you're inspired to create anything based on my fics, art, writing, interperative dance you have full permission to do it. Inspiring other people to do stuff is my favorite thing.

If you saw typos no you didn't <3

I love comments but I am shit at replying to them, sometimes Maddie or Zambo will reply for me because they are blessed, wonderful people who know I have so much anxiety. So much. but I love all comments regardless and I thank everyone who leaves me one, they brighten my day

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!